



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## THE CONTRAST.

(BY MISS JEWSEBURY.)

They call me vain, because I go  
 Wherever mirth is found ;  
 They say the fairy-waters flow  
 But through enchanted ground ;  
 They tell me oft the Arab tale  
 Of travellers turned to stone,  
 But what to me should words avail,  
 Ev'n now a statue grown ?

'Tis all too late ;—upon my brow  
 The world's dark seal is set ;  
 I'm numbered with the victims now  
 Who long but to forget :  
 We bear the forms of life, and smile  
 Vow—flatter—love—desire—  
 With hearts like adamant the while,  
 Unwarmed by feeling's fire.

It was not always thus with one—  
 My spirit once had wings,  
 And in the storm, or in the sun,  
 Rejoiced with bold, bright things ;  
 I had a heart, I had a mind,  
 I had a will as free  
 As ever left a shore behind,  
 And sailed forth on the sea.

I loved all gentle pleasures then,  
 And holy thoughts had I  
 Of training up my fellow-men  
 To glories of the sky ;  
 But youth is frail, and many snares  
 Around my feet were hid,  
 I gave my heart to golden cares,  
 And knew not what I did.

For now no love within me dwells  
 Of early, blameless glee,  
 The primrose-path, the evening bells,  
 Are nothing now to me !  
 And nothing now a loving eye  
 Or the soul's hidden joy—  
 O would I were but fit to die,  
 Or once again a boy !

## TO HER BABY SLEEPING.

BY A. NEGLECTED MOTHER.

O'er her wan features a reflected smile  
 Passed, as she gazed upon her cradled boy,  
 Then printing on his brow, unstained by guile,  
 The soft memorial of a mother's joy,  
 "Sleep on," she said, "sweet babe ! Thy rapt'rous dream  
 Entails no harsh repentings, vain as deep,  
 And thy young smiles may meet an answering gleam,  
 While Love keeps watch o'er Innocence asleep !"

N.